

Nait Nugget

September 15th Thursday

Issue 2, Volume 9

Edmonton, Alberta

FROSH WEEK 77



DONNA VEGERA
DENTAL ASSISTING



ROSE BUCHMANN
SECRETARIAL



LINDA LITZINGER
DENTAL ASSISTING



JUDY MORGAN
MEDICAL
DICTA TYPIST

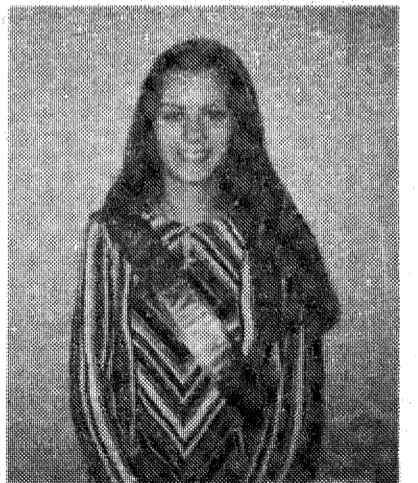
FRESHETTE CANDIDATES

Well, despite the short notice, N.A.I.T.S.A. seems to have been able to do it again. That's right sports fans, it's FROSH week, and FROSH week means that some lucky lady is going to become Miss Freshette 1977.

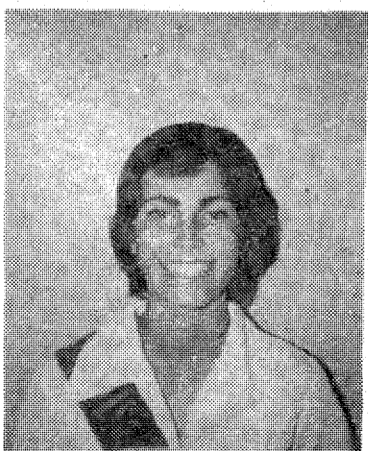
Miss Freshette candidates are chosen from one year technologies only, since these ladies are not allowed to run for the Miss NAIT title that takes place during Queen week. The girls will work with the Student Association during Shinerama Week as public relations people promoting NAIT's image to the public. Throughout Shinerama week the Freshettes will be visiting such personalities as the Premier, the mayor and other radio and t.v. personalities.

Miss Freshette will be crowned at the Beer Fest held this Saturday night at the Nait Arena. For any one who is interested in going and doesn't have a ticket I'm sorry but they are all SOLD OUT.

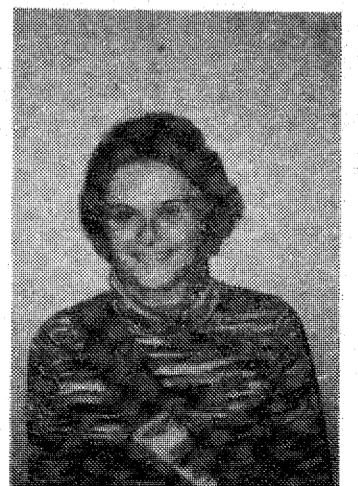
Why don't you see if you can pick out the candidate who will be WHO WILL BE MISS FRESHETTE 1977.



ELAINE CARTWRIGHT
SECRETARIAL



SHERRY BROWN
MEDICAL LAB



GAIL MARTIN
SECRETARIAL

**GOOD
LUCK
LADIES !!**

THE NUGGET

EDITOR — ROD BOYCE

ENTERTAINMENT

Rob Frolick

FREELANCE

Lorne White

Don Henderson

SPORTS

Rob Neal

LAYOUT

Aaron Ratke

Bruce Mottershead

Elaine Cartwright

PHOTOGRAPHY

Dale Henderson

ADVERTISING

Rob Hackney

PUBLICATIONS - GREG MCGINLEY

EDITORIAL

TUITION FEES

Ever feel that you've been ripped off before? Have that feeling that you've been taken but yet no that you can't do anything about it.

Well this is the case for at least 150 students here at NAIT this year because of a little thing called tuition fees. As everyone know, tuition fees went up for everybody this year, but what about the tuition fees for students who are only taking a few courses this year just so that they can graduate. If you read in your NAIT calender you notice the fees for students who only need a certain number of hours to graduate, are based on the hours you take, RIGHT. Not so. It seems the calender reads that students who are coming back to NAIT just to pick up a few courses pay in accordance with the number of hours they are going to take. FINE, but when the student goes down to the registrar office, the student is charged in accordance with the number of quarters he or she intends to be here. SO, if a

student has to pick up only 5 courses or so to graduate, but they are spread over 3 quarters, this student has to pay full tuition fees. NOW THAT'S WHAT I WOULD CALL A RIP OFF.

The reason the fees are now charged by the quarter instead of the # of hours each student takes is because EVERYBODIES friend, Bert Hohol, Minister of Advanced Education, (at least until the re-elections for the P.C.'s come up) decided that since he was on the bandwagon, charging higher tuition fees to all students, that he might as well charge part time students the full shot as well. Its not bad enough that they have to face the major increase that every student was presented with at the beginning of the year, now they have an increase up and above the regular increase. Thanks a lot Bert of Buddy for thinking of new ways to scrounge money from the poor.

It used to be the other way around back in the days of Robin Hood. Guess we've made a thing called PROGRESS since then

MAIL'S OUR BAG



All letters will be accepted. Noms de plume will be honored, but real names and phone numbers MUST BE INCLUDED ON ALL LETTERS. Please limit letters to 300 words or less. Libel and slander will NOT be printed.

WANTED

Two persons with a keen interest in hockey to act as statisticians during NAIT Oookpik homegames. Duties would include the recording and tabulation of various statistics related to the game of hockey.

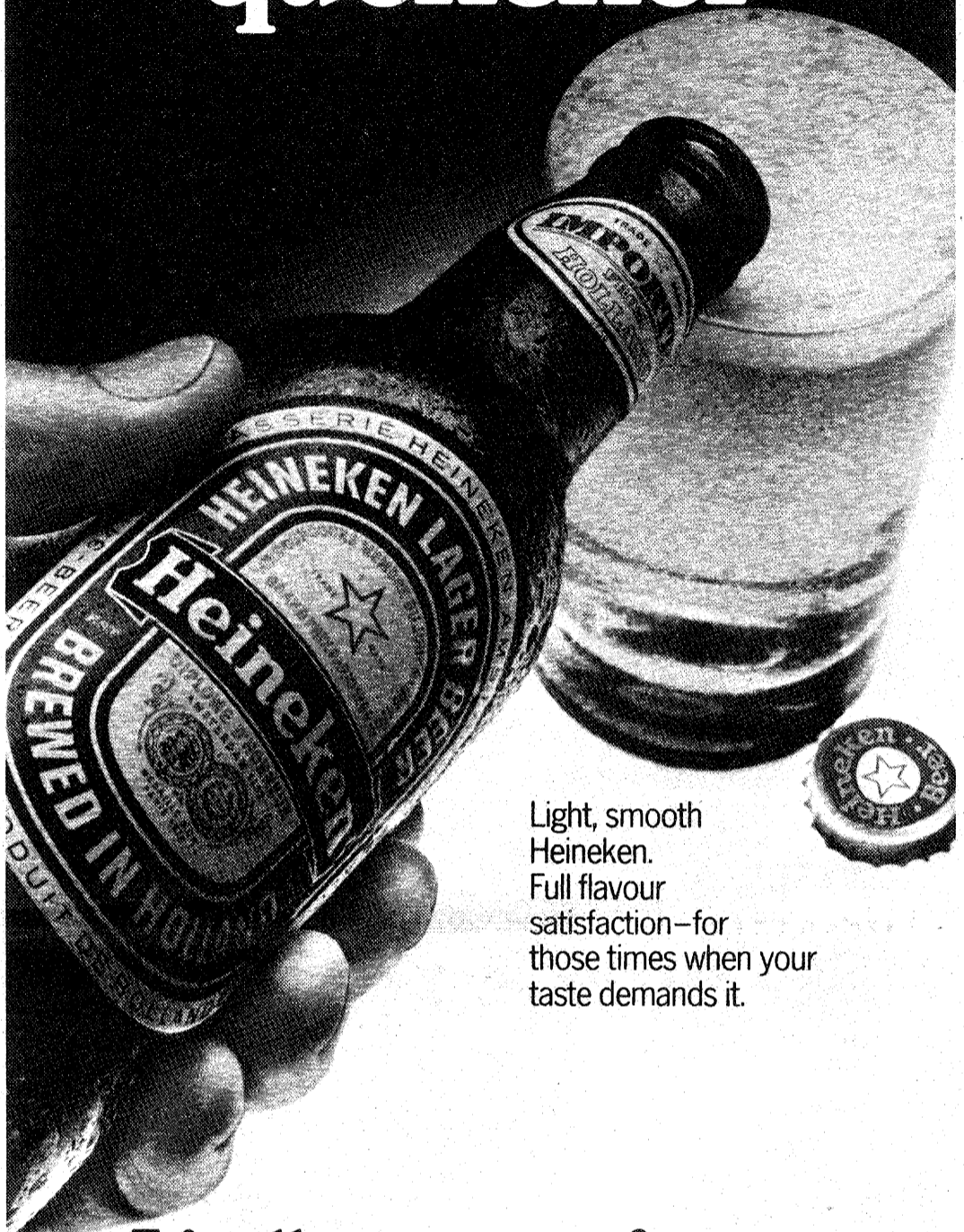
The NAIT hockey team requires the services of two persons to act as trainer and - or manager

for the upcoming hockey season. Responsibilities include the performance of a variety of duties related to the day to day organization and operation of the hockey team.

Experience is not necessary.

If you can be of assistance, please contact Dale Henwood at 477-4340 or drop by room E-137.

Taste quencher



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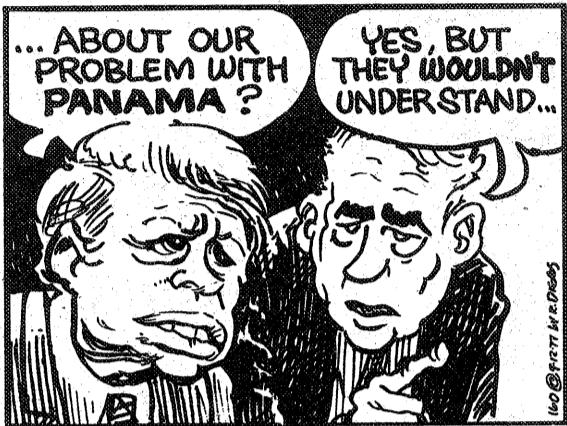
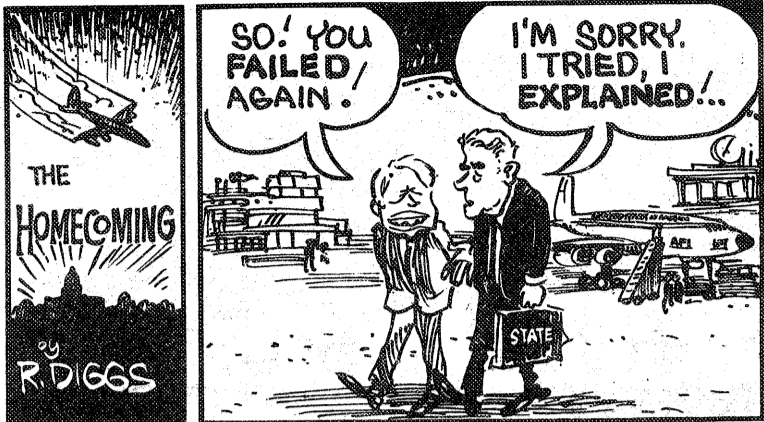
RING WEEK COMING

OCT 4 - 7

5% discount on rings ordered during the week

E126

OOKSHOP



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Roots goes to new heights to bring you our most comfortable sole ever ...
THE WEDGE. Made of durable, flexible rubber and topped off with this fall's most exciting looks in casual footwear for men and women.
The Shawl Root, \$36⁰⁰..



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for contemporary living.

LADIES WOMEN & FEMALES!!

BRUCE
"RADAR"
WATSON
WISHES TO
ANNOUNCE
THE COMING OF
ANOTHER
BIRTHDAY.

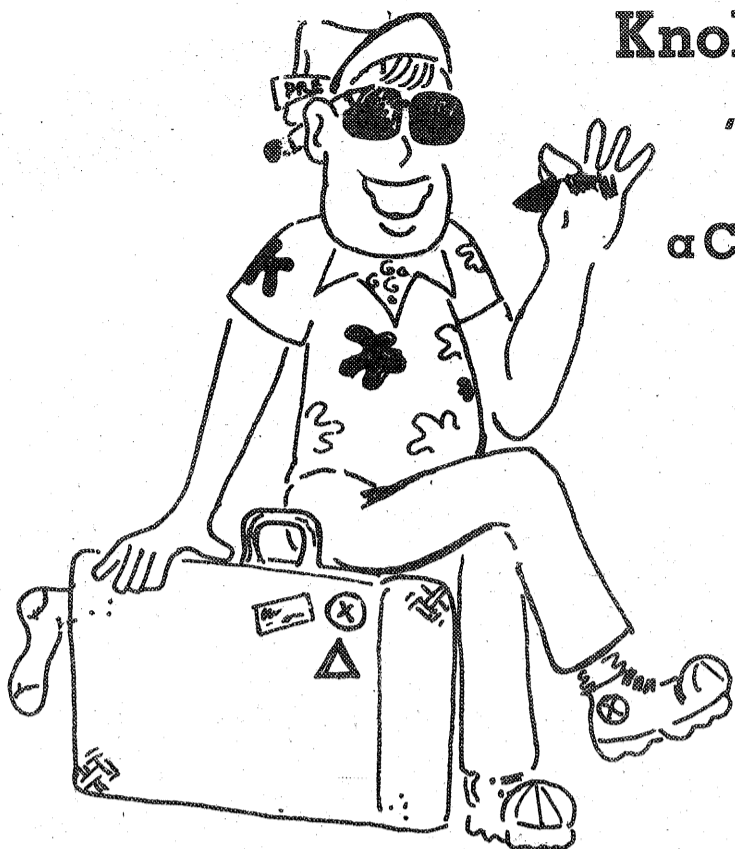
Any one who wishes
to come down and
plant a kiss upon
his body, please
sign up now
because the festive
occasion is this
Friday.

SEPT. 16TH

What to do with an empty Blue.



Labatt's Blue. Western Canada's Favourite Beer.



Knobber Bones

'Diary of a Countryman'

The next morning we parked in the old stadium lot, and walked up to the construction site, then down thru the stands to the roughed in playing field. There were about six or seven other young lads standing around near an old paving machine that looked like it single handedly built the Trans-Canada Highway. I thought it was scrap metal, but scrap metal wouldn't be sitting there, would it?

At seven o'clock precisely a beat up old pick up truck thundered thru the archway, slid around sideways onto the sandy field, and roared out of the cloud of dust right for us. There was a red hard hat and a set of grinning brown teeth behind the wheel. At the last second the truck braked and ground to a stop right in front of us. There was some more hysterical laughter, then the fellow stiffened, opened the truck door slowly, and uncoiled out onto the ground. Two black beady eyes squinted, and dwelt on each of us for a flash, - long enough to form instant impressions of us, long enough to send a shiver into us.

There was a flurry of flying green hard hats and shovels. Each of us ended up with one a piece.

"Alright DINK HEADS- move that sand."

Where'd that voice come from? "This sand's gotta be level before we run the machine over it, understand? Level the goddam stuff! Now!

Seven bodies flew into the area he was pointing at. Seven shovels arched high with a load of sand. Seven people froze in a cloud of grit as that voice cracked and boomed, "No! No! No! You bunch of bloody boneheads.

He grabbed the shovel out of Hoot's hands.

"See that mark there? There! That mark on the stake there! Everyone of them stake's gotta mark on it - just like that. The sand's gotta be there, at the mark - level all over."

While he talked he swished the sand around, and levelled it up. For about ten seconds he was a whirling madman.

"Then when you get it like that - take this thing and smooth it out." He took a gigantic rake and smoothed a little patch out.

"Just like that, assholes. Do it!"

We fell to it, grunting and groaning as the sun rose up and the madman Angelo - identified by a helmet label - danced around us, occasionally muttering and encouraging us with audible droolings and thunders like, "what a bunch of asses."

At ten o'clock he yelled, "Coffee time dink heads."

We sat down along the side, puffing and panting and sweat running off us into the sand like rain. Two fellows whispered to

each other, got up, and left. Hoot smiled.

"Get out of here you fairies," Angelo called after them.

One fellow turned - but Angelo stood up and snarled. The other fellow grabbed his friend by the shoulder, spun him around, and hauled him out thru the archway.

A breath or two later Angelo the asshole yelled, "Coffee time's over. Get at it."

We stood up too slowly for him. In a flash he crossed the sand and screeched,

"Come on slob - level it!

That afternoon the sun boiled down on us - one fellow fell over - Angelo pulled him into the shade - then told him to haul his buns home, the fellow, Hoot, me, a big stud named Barney, and a Nova Scotian called Gary, all of us, sweat in our eyes - backs throbbing, hands blistered tongues like crows, praying for coffee time, praying for rain - praying for anything - while Angelo the asshole sat in the shade of the truck, yes - he was - drinking

beer. It's hard to say exactly what I felt. I suppose it bordered on hatred.

That first night we went home, fell alternately into the tub, ate something - I can't remember what - and went to bed. Ten hours of Angelo the attack Foreman made us more tired than we'd ever been.

Just before I passed out, I found the energy to flap my gums and ask Hoot if he wanted to go tomorrow.

"Yep" was all he said, and I was glad.

The next morning three replacements were there. All the ones who'd made it to five-thirty yesterday were there. By noon we were down to six, and that was it. We had a crew.

Six days a week, ten hours a day we levelled out huge patches of sand, then melted into the asphalt. The money was good, and the whispered jokes about Angelo the Asshole were hilarious. We were winning - there I doubt if he knew it. Sometimes in the heat of the afternoon I could almost hear the thundering applause as muscled athletes pounded down the track we laid.

The summer rolled away, Aug. cooled, and Angelo didn't change. We each became convinced he was a veritable lunatic - stark raving mad. But the javelin run, the pole vault, the track, the parking lots - each in turn stretched away behind the greasy, black, smoke-belching machine.

The last week, when Angel was gone for his afternoon case of beer, we straightened our backs and leaned on the shovels. The operator shut his machine down, clambered off, and we gathered in the shade of the back fence.

Hoot brought the water bucket over, and we each had a drink.

"Sure would be nice to have one of those beers he's coming

back with," he said. His eyes were twinkling at me. I knew he was going to egg the crew to a well deserved mutiny. We were virtually finished now anyway.

There were grunts of approval. "Maybe we should just help ourselves," Barney uttered.

More grunts of approval - some laughter at the thought of ripping a full beer away from Angel's brown teeth.

"He'd look like a fish suckin air," Gary laughed.

"We should pull a good one on him today," Hoot said.

"Throw him right into over-drive."

Seven minds whirled.

Angelo took great pride in getting the job done right. According to plans. Square with the world. There was a new engineer, fresh from university locking horns with Angelo almost daily. If there was anything Angelo hated more than students - it was engineers. So, we put one and one together and dumped Angelo right in the middle.

A red hard hat and a set of grinning brown teeth piloted a beat up old truck thru the back gate and around the corner straight for us.

When he saw us sitting down the grin disappeared, and two beady black eyes flashed. The truck blew up beside us and five foot ten inches of screaming furry hit the black top. But before he could get properly going, Barney, six foot four of fine turned country boy muscle - put a big glove square down on the top of the red hard hat.

"You stupid arse," Barney yelled down at him.

"That young engineer feller was just here - madder than six snakes. He said that whole goddam track is three inches too high. The whole cow shittin' lot has gotta come out of there. The big cat is down there right now, puttin' the ripper into it."

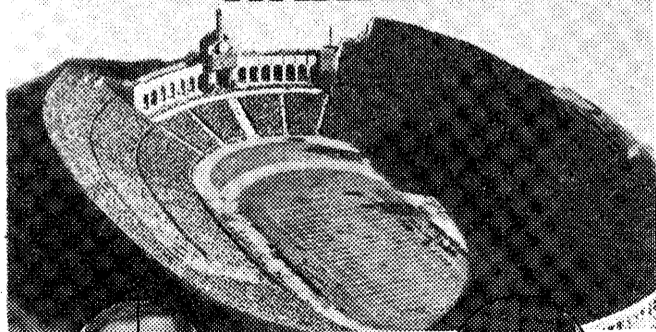
Angelo's cheeks grew fat. A red line came up out of his shirt, and moved north across his face. When it got to his eyes, it swelled them white. Brown teeth flapped. His hands gripped and released in spasms.

continued page 8

SEPTEMBER 17 & 18 at 7:30

91,000 People. 33 Exit Gates.
One Sniper...

**TWO-MINUTE
WARNING**



CHARLTON HESTON
JOHN CASSAVETES
"TWO-MINUTE WARNING"

MARTIN BALSAM • BEAU BRIDGES • MARILYN HASSETT
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Music by CHARLES FOX • Directed by LARRY PEECE • Produced by EDWARD S. FELDMAN

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I'M IN A HURRY!

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I expect to see some of last years team and many new faces on October 4, and anticipate a much better season.

A black and white illustration of a tall stack of coins. The top coin is clearly visible, showing a profile of a person, likely a historical figure, facing left. The stack is composed of many similar coins, creating a textured, cylindrical shape. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and shadows.

STAFF: STUDENT:

[illegible]



WONDER WART-HOG

by GILBERT SHELTON

SPORT REPORT

Straight From The HUDDLE
BY BUTCH HAFFALUMP

Can the Muthalade Bungers make it two in a row? The Bungers marched into the Hyper Bowl last January and danced away with the coveted solid gold Rebezo Trophy, but the victory cost them 27 injured. Not to mention another seven members who died of natural causes between seasons.

New faces at the Bunker training camp include twelfth round draft pick Keoke (Coolhead) Koolchhooee, defensive tackle from the University of Hawaii, defensive end T.T. (Terrible Temper) Tucker, recently acquired from the Washington Muggers, and an unknown, W. Wart-Hog, who is eight eleven and weighs five hundred and ninety pounds but who has no previous football experience. I figure a simple game like football. Question is...

KICKS IN PROGRESS

HEY, JUNIOR? SEE IF YOU CAN PUT TOGETHER A UNIFORM FOR THIS GUY OUT OF A TARPULIN OR SOMETHING!

WHAT POSITION ARE YOU GOING TO TRY OUT FOR? WE GOTTA ISSUE YOU A NUMBER!

OH, I DON'T KNOW! I DO EVERYTHING ABOUT EQUALLY WELL!

WE DO HAVE A SIZE FOUR HELMET, BUT THIS FACE GUARD ISN'T GOING TO WORK!

MAYBE WE COULD FABRICATE ONE FROM THIS FLAGPOLE MOUNT!

GIVE HIM NUMBER 66, JUNIOR! WE'LL MAKE HIM A GUARD!

WE LOST A LOT OF GUARDS LAST YEAR! GRUBOWSKI HAD TO HAVE ELBOW SURGERY, CADILLAC JONES GOT SENT UP THE RIVER FOR DRUGS, AND SMUSHKOFF GOT THE GOUT!

NOW, HOG, WE RUN THE THREE-FOUR DEFENSE HERE. YOU'RE AT NOSEGUARD. YOU JUST KEY ON THE QUARTERBACK, CONTAIN THAT CENTER, AND KEEP THOSE SLOTS CLOSED. DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT?

ER, UH... I THINK SO!

WHAT ARE ALL THESE THINGS?

to be continued...

STUDENT LOANS

If you have a Guaranteed Provincial or Canada Student Loan and are continuing full time studies you must reinstate that loan PRIOR TO THE EXPIRATION OF THE SIX MONTH EXEMPTION PERIOD. You do this by (A) obtaining the necessary Reinstatement Forms from your bank, or (B) negotiating a new Certificate of Eligibility. It's your responsibility to maintain close liaison with your bank and maintain your loan in good standing.

Right now check your latest copy of the Certificate of Eligibility or Reinstatement Form for the latest academic year end date. Your exemption period expires six months from that date. Even though you may have applied for further financial assistance, this does not automatically reinstate your loan, and negotiating a Canada Student Loan does not automatically reinstate your Guaranteed Provincial Loan, or vice versa.

If you fail to reinstate your loan within the stipulated exemption period you will be required to pay the interest charges accrued up to the reinstatement date.

How to be sure yours continues:

NOTE: You will not be required to pay interest charges on your Guaranteed Student Loan until the six month exemption period has expired. If you should remit any payments on your loan prior to expiration of the six month exemption period be assured that the payments are being applied only on the principal; no interest charges have been assessed by the bank.

MEDICAL and LAW STUDENTS — Upon graduation you have a six month exemption period. In addition, upon application to the credit institution (bank), a further 9 month deferment of principal payments only may be granted. This requires you to pay interest charges only for this period of time.

MEDICAL RESIDENT STUDENTS — You cannot be reinstated to interest-free, full-time status. A Medical Resident Student is assessed tuition fees paid for by the sponsoring hospital and is in receipt of a salary and therefore considered to be gainfully employed.

For further information or advice contact your bank or SFB in Edmonton or Calgary.

Alberta
STUDENTS FINANCE BOARD

HAPPY BIRTHDAY MONICA

(Sept 14)

Drop on down to student services and give our little Monica her belayed best birthday wishes ((and, of course, kiss)) In the true spirit of woman hood on September 14th Monica turned 1 year younger.

JOIN NAIT RAQUET BALL CLUB

ORGANIZATIONAL MEETING:

TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 20

4:15 P.M. in J 14



OTTAWA (CUP) -- General Custer is dead but his spirit lives on. American Indian Movement activist Leonard Peltier has been sentenced, on the strength of forced testimony, to two consecutive life terms for the shooting of two FBI agents on the Pine Ridge reservation in North Dakota on June 26, 1975.

The death of Joe Stuntz, a native American killed the same day, has not resulted in any charges being laid.

Eleven marshals and a handful of court officials heard the verdict while 50 anxious spectators waited outside, denied entrance by Judge Paul Benson.

In rendering the verdict, Benson ruled irrelevant testimony indicating the FBI had used threats of murder charges and life sentences to obtain affidavits against Peltier.

Before the sentencing, Peltier issued a statement predicting the judge's verdict of two consecutive life terms. "You are about to perform an act which will close one more chapter in the history of the failure of the United States courts ... to do justice in the case of a native American."

Prosecution testimony was permitted even after witnesses said they were coerced into testifying by the FBI. The prosecution's case rested on the evidence of two witnesses, Myrtle Poor Bear and Norman Brown, a young Navajo.

Both Brown and Poor Bear presented evidence of FBI misconduct during preliminary hearings before the judge. But Benson refused to let them testify before the jury.

After the shooting, 80 to 100 FBI agents raided the Pine Ridge reservation with helicopters, M-16s and sawed-off shotguns. Home after home was invaded for no stated reason. It was in this atmosphere that the FBI first contacted 17-year-old Brown. The following January, Brown and his mother met with two FBI agents who threatened him with separation from his mother, a murder charge and a lifetime jail term.

"They meant what they said, they were for real," Brown said during a preliminary hearing before the judge.

Poor Bear's story is similar. The FBI promised her a new name, money and a new place to live, at the same time as they threatened her with a murder charge and lifetime sentence. The price was an affidavit which she signed unread. It said she left the area the day before the shootings. She later signed a second affidavit stating she saw Peltier kill the agent, when FBI agents decided the first affidavit wasn't strong enough.

"I'm just scared of the government, of the FBI. They just keep talking about Anna Mae, how she died," Poor Bear told Benson. Annae Mae Aquash, a Canadian AIM activist, was found murdered on Pine Ridge in February, 1977.

Throughout the trial, Benson

CUSTER REVIEWED!

allowed the prosecution to use previous testimony by Poor Bear in presenting its case to the jury. But Poor Bear herself was not allowed to appear. Benson ruled she was not believable and her testimony would confuse and prejudice the jury.

The defence predicts an easy appeal and quick reversal of the jury's decision, as a result of such obvious judicial bias. The lawyer maintains the government brought charges against Peltier because of his role as an AIM activist, and then tried to construct evidence that would convict him.

At another trial last year, the jury accepted evidence which reasoned that the Pine Ridge people could only have been acting in self-defence. This, and testimony of FBI coercion of witnesses, contributed to the acquittal of Dino Butler and Paul Robideau, who faced the same charges as Peltier.

At the Battle of the Little Big Horn, well-armed white soldiers massacred native people. This year has seen the same battle in different guise. On one side are the government and the American judicial system. On the other, are the original American people. As Leonard Peltier said: "When colonial white society invades and occupies our territories these are not called criminal acts."

"But when the native people stand up and resist these are considered criminal. But these are not crimes. They are political acts in which our people stand for their rights of self-determination, self-dignity and self-respect against a cruel and oppressive might of another nation."

LEONARD PELTIER'S STATEMENT TO THE COURT-

Leonard Peltier, American Indian Movement activist, was convicted April 18 of the murder of two Federal Bureau of Investigation agents on the Pine Ridge reservation on June 26, 1975. In Fargo, North Dakota, Judge Paul Benson sentenced Peltier on June 1 to two consecutive life sentences.

The following is Peltier's statement to Judge Benson.

There is no doubt in my mind or my people's minds you are going to sentence me to two consecutive life terms. You are, and have always been, prejudiced favoured the government all through this trial and you are happy to do whatever the FBI would want you to do in this case.

I did not always believe this to be so! When I first saw you in the courtroom in Sioux Falls, your dignified appearance misled me into thinking that you were a fair-minded person who knew something of the law as who would act in accordance with the law! Which meant that you would be impartial and not favour one side or the other in this lawsuit; that has not been the case and I now firmly believe that you will impose consecutive life terms solely because that's what you think will avoid the displeasure of the FBI.

Neither my people nor myself know why you would be so concerned about an organization

that has brought so much shame to the American people. But you are! Your conduct during this trial leaves no doubt that you will do the bidding of the FBI without any hesitation!

You are about to perform an act which will close one more chapter in the history of the failure of the United States courts and the failure of the people of the United States to do justice in the case of a native American.

After centuries of murder of millions of my brothers and sisters by white racist America could have been wise in thinking that you would break that tradition and commit an act of justice? Obviously not! Because I should have realized that what I detected was only a very thin layer of dignity and surely not of fine character.

If you think my accusations have been harsh and unfounded, I will explain why I have reached these conclusions and why I think my criticism has not been harsh enough:

First, each time my defence team tried to expose FBI misconduct in their investigation of this lawsuit and tried to present evidence of that, you claimed it was irrelevant to this trial.

But the prosecution was allowed to present their case with evidence that was in no way relevant to this lawsuit -- for example, an automobile blowing up on a freeway in Wichita, Kansas; an attempted murder in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, for which have not been found innocent or guilty; a van loaded with legally purchased firearms and a policeman who claims someone fired at him in Oregon state. The Supreme Court of the United States tried to prevent convictions of this sort by passing into law that only past convictions may be presented as evidence if it is not prejudicial to the lawsuit, and only evidence of said case may be used.

This court knows very well I have no prior convictions, nor am I even charged with some of these alleged crimes; therefore, they cannot be used as evidence in order to receive a conviction in his farce called a trial.

This is why I strongly believe you will impose two life terms, running consecutively, on me.

Second, you could not make a reasonable decision about my sentence because you suffer from at least one of three defects that prevent a rational conclusion: you plainly demonstrated this in our decision about the Jimmy Eagle and Myrtle Poor Bear aspects of this case. In Jimmy's case, for some unfounded reason that only a judge who consciously and openly ignores the law would all it irrelevant to my trial; in the mental torture of Myrtle Poor Bear you said her testimony would shock the conscience of the American people if believed!

But you decided what was to be believed and what was not to be believed -- not the jury! Capital conduct shocks the conscience of what the American legal system stands for -- the search for the truth by a jury of citizens.

What was it that made you so afraid to let that testimony in? Our own guilt of being part of a corrupted, pre-planned trial to get a conviction no matter how our reputation would be tarnish-

d? For these reasons, I strongly believe you will do the bidding of the FBI and give me two consecutive life terms.

Third, in my opinion, anyone who failed to see the relationship between the undisputed facts of these events surrounding the investigation used by the FBI in their interrogation of the Navajo youths -- Wilford Draper, who was tied to a chair for three hours and denied access to his attorney; the outright threats to Norman Brown; the bodily harm threatened to Mike Anderson -- and, finally, the murder of Anna Mae Aquash, must be blind, stupid or without human feelings. So there is no doubt, and little chance, that you have the ability to avoid doing today what the FBI wants you to do -- which is to sentence me to two life terms running consecutively.

Fourth, you do not have the ability to see that the conviction of an AIM activist helps to cover up what the government's own evidence showed: that large numbers of Indian people engaged in that fire fight on June 6, 1976.

You do not have the ability to see that the government must suppress the fact that there is a growing anger amongst Indian people and that native Americans will resist any further encroachments by the military forces of the capitalistic Americans, which is evidenced by the large number of Pine Ridge residents who took up arms on June 26, 1975, to defend themselves.

Therefore, you do not have the ability to carry out your responsibility towards me in an impartial way and will run my two life terms consecutively.

Fifth, I stand before you as a proud man: I feel no guilt! I have done nothing to feel guilty about! I have no regrets of being a native American activist -- thousands of people in the United States, Canada and around the world have and will continue to support me to expose the injustices which have occurred in this courtroom.

I do feel pity for your people that they must live under such an ugly system. Under your system, you are taught greed, racism and corruption -- and most serious of all, the destruction of Mother Earth.

Under the native American system, we are taught all people are brothers and sisters; to share the wealth with the poor and needy. But the most important of all is to respect and preserve the earth, who we consider to be our mother. We feed from her breast; our mother gives us life from birth and when it's time to leave this world, who again takes us back into her womb. But the main thing we are taught is to preserve her for our children and our grandchildren, because they are the next who will live upon her.

No, I'm not the guilty one here; I'm not the one who should be called a criminal -- white racist America is the criminal for the destruction of our lands and my people; to hide your guilt from the decent human beings in America and around the world, you will sentence me to two consecutive life terms without any hesitation.

Sixth, there are less than 400 federal judges for a population of over 200 million Americans. Therefore, you have a very pow-

erful and important responsibility which should be carried out impartially. But you have never been impartial where I was concerned.

You have the responsibility of protecting the constitutional rights and laws, but where I was concerned, you neglected to even consider my, or native, Americans' constitutional rights. But, the most important of all -- you neglected our human rights.

If you were impartial, you would have had an open mind on all the factual disputes in this case. But you were unwilling to allow even the slightest possibility that a law enforcement officer would lie on the stand.

Then, how could you possibly be impartial enough to let my lawyers prove how important it is to the FBI to convict a native American activist in this case? You do not have the ability to see that such a conviction is an important part of the efforts to discredit those who are trying to alert their brothers and sisters to the new threat from the white man, and the attempt to destroy what little Indian land remains in the process of extracting our uranium, oil and other minerals.

Again, to cover up your part in this, you will call me a heartless, cold-blooded murderer who deserves two life sentences consecutively.

Seventh, I cannot expect a judge who has openly tolerated the conditions I have been jailed under to make an impartial decision on whether I should be sentenced to concurrent or consecutive life terms. You have been made aware of the following conditions which I had to endure at the Grand Forks County Jail since the time of the verdict:

I was denied access to a phone to call my attorneys concerning my appeal;

I was locked in solitary confinement without shower facilities, soap, towels, sheets or pillow;

The food was inedible, what little there was of it; and

My family -- brothers, sisters, mother and father -- who travelled long distances from the reservation was denied visitation.

No human being should be subjected to such treatment; and while you parade around pretending to be decent, impartial and law-abiding, you knowingly allowed your fascist chief deputy marshal to play storm-trooper. Again, the only conclusion that comes to mind is that you know and always knew that you would sentence me to two consecutive life terms.

Finally, I honestly believe that you made up your mind long ago that I was guilty under the law. But this does not suppress me, because you are a high-ranking member of the white racist American establishment which has consistently said "In God we trust." While they went about the business of murdering my people and attempting to destroy our culture.

The only thing I'm guilty of and which I was convicted for was of being Chippewana and Sioux blood and for believing in our sacred religion.

GRS (CB) SYMPOSIUM
EDMONTON, August 29, 1977. --The Department of Communications is sponsoring a public symposium on the General Radio Service (Citizens' Band Radio) at the University of Alta., Friday evening and Saturday, September 16 and 17.

The symposium is to provide a forum for discussion of the key issues facing the General Radio Service in Canada and to make recommendations for future policy formulation.

GRS clubs, GRS users in industry, amateur radio operators, equipment suppliers, government officials, law enforcement agencies, educators and private citizen will be represented.

The symposium is expected to be of greatest appeal to those affected by GRS and those interested in it as a social phenomenon. The keynote address will be given on Friday evening at 8:00 p.m. by Ross Milne, M.P. parliamentary secretary to Minister of Communications Jeanne Sauve.

On Saturday, workshops will examine five topics:

..Present and Future Uses of GRS

Social and Economic Implications
..Regulations and Enforcement
..Interference and Equipment Standards

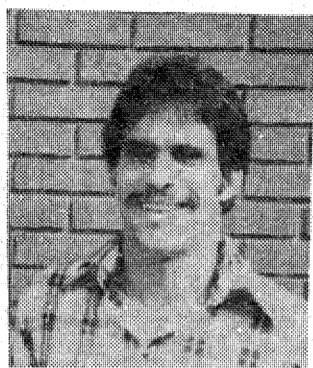
FOR SALE: 1969 - Dodge Coronet 440. Excellent condition. For details see bulletin board Main campus, or phone Gary after 6 p.m. at 454-6338.

FOR SALE: 1975 Silver Trans Am . 400 Automatic, power steering, power brakes, radio and tinted glass. \$4500 or best offer. Phone 476-6780.

The Symposium will convene at the Henry Marshall Tory Building Lecture Theatre 2 at 8:00 p.m. Friday, September 16 and at 9:00 a.m., September 17.

There is no registration fee and everyone is welcome subject to space limitations. Additional attendance from individual CBers and interested private citizens is encouraged.

Registration can be completed by writing to the Department of Communications, #400, 10025 - 106 Street, Edmonton, Alberta T5J 1G6, or by phoning Murray Watson at (403) 425-5189.



Hackney Appointed

NAITSA is pleased to announce the appointment of Robert Hackney as Publications Advertising manager. He will be responsible for all the advertising in the Student Directory and the Nugget.

Rob is a second year Business student specializing in Marketing. He has already been doing an excellent job for us this summer getting advertising for the Directory.

Knobber Bones continued from p. 2

While Barney held his hand down on Angelo's head, Hoot slipped around the front of the truck, lifted the hood, and took the coil wire.

Angelo was back in the truck in a flash. It was all we could do to stifle the laughter as he beat the steering wheel, the dashboard, and the windshield. The door flew open again and out he came. he was at a full gallop before he even touched the pavement, headed towards the engineer's shack.

"Beer time boys." Gary stepped over to the truck, pulled out the case, and handed us each a fresh from the bar beer. We laughed, and rolled on the ground stood up, bent over and laughed till our sides hurt. Then we drank the case of beer.

It appears Angelo didn't bother to knock on the door of the engineer's shack. He didn't even bother to open it. He went thru it like a wild man, and scared the secretary up one wall and down the other.

When he finally realized the the engineer wasn't there, he flew back out the door, and scrambled up the hill, under the upper level stands, and out onto

the deck before the lower level seatss- screeching all the way.

The engineer was down on the field, checking something out with the cat operator. They both turned when they heard a scruch half way up the stands. Their eyes focused on the cause of the screeching just as Angelo tripped on his boot lace. They watched as he tumbled down the sharp incline of the steps, arms waving, red hard hat bouncing around, and still the screeching. Angelo tumbled right off the edge, onto the track, and layed there for a second. Then he stood up, weaved, took a few steps, and fell into the newly planted grass on the inside ring.

It turned out he was only dazed. He's far too tough to hurt. The engineer bent over him,slapping two frozen puffy cheeks, and when the feeling came back,Angelo, the attack Foreman whispered up at him,

"Don't you touch my track you educated bastard."

The next morning we all showed up, a trifle apprehensive. At seven o'clock precisely, on old beat up pick up truck rumbled thru the back gate, and drove slowly up to the paving machine. No red hard hat, no brown teeth,

and no hysterical laughter. A calm elderly gentleman stepped out of the truck, brushed down a slightly crumpled suit, and came over to us.

A polished voice spoke. "Angelo has told me that you are the best damn crew he's ever seen. You've finished slightly ahead of time, so we're going to pay you till the end of the week, and you can leave now. We shook our heads in disbelief.

angelo's had an accident - nothing serious. He'll be down for two days at the most."

As he spoke, he handed our brown envelopes to Hoot, who handed them to us.

"I want to thank you personally for staying on. I know Angelo is hard on his man. God knows he's hard on me, but you got the job done, Go home lads, and go back to bed."

We said our good byes as the gentleman drove away, and each of us returned to our winter lives.

On the way home in the car, Hoot's eyes were twinkling again.

"Tell me just exactly how you felt everytime Angelo yelled at you."

And you know, I honestly couldn't remember.

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